

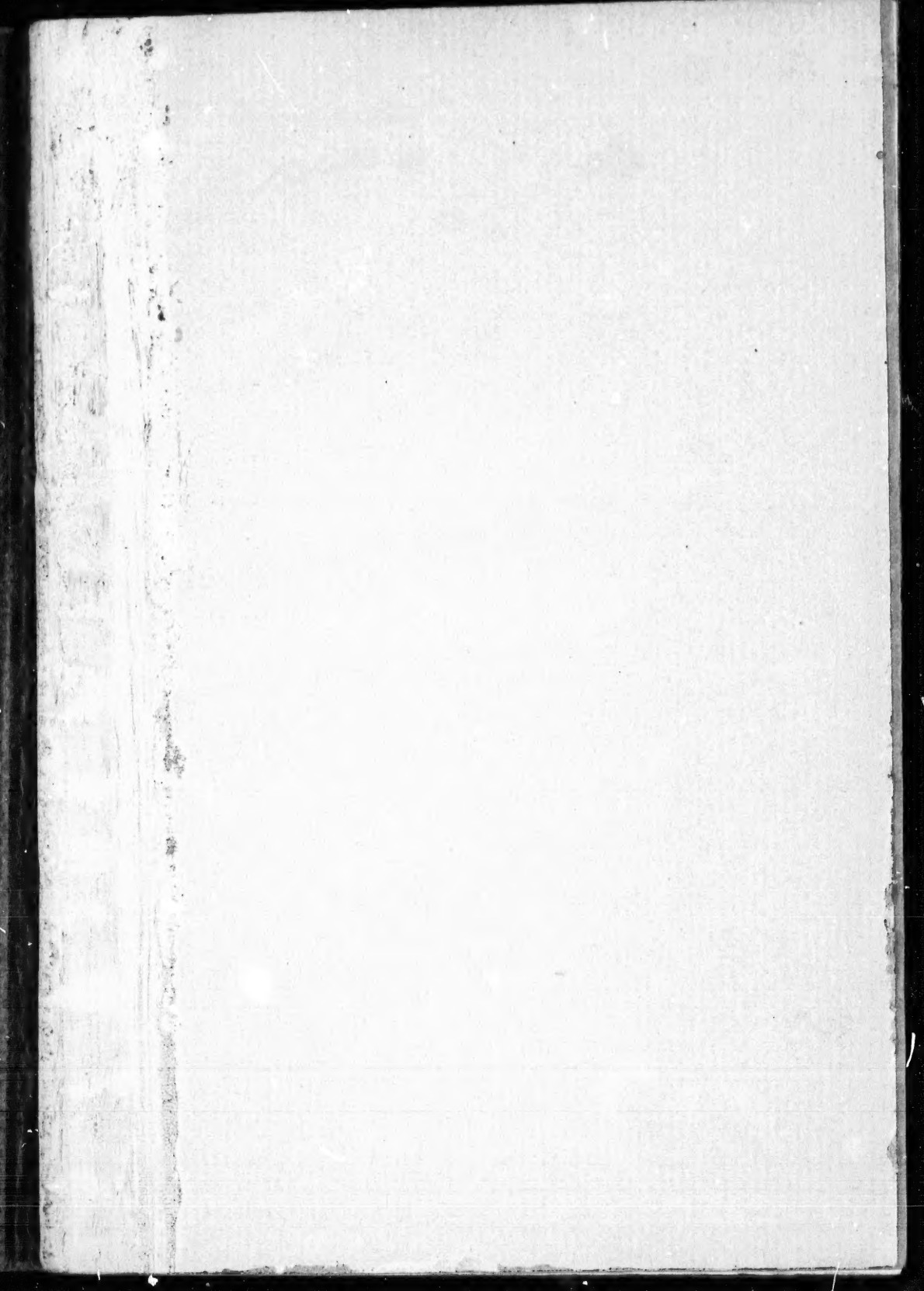


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THE STORK,
FLYING
EASTWARD.

BY

George Arthur Hammond,

AUTHOR OF

QUEEN VICTORIA'S OLIVE TREE,
AND OTHER POEMS.

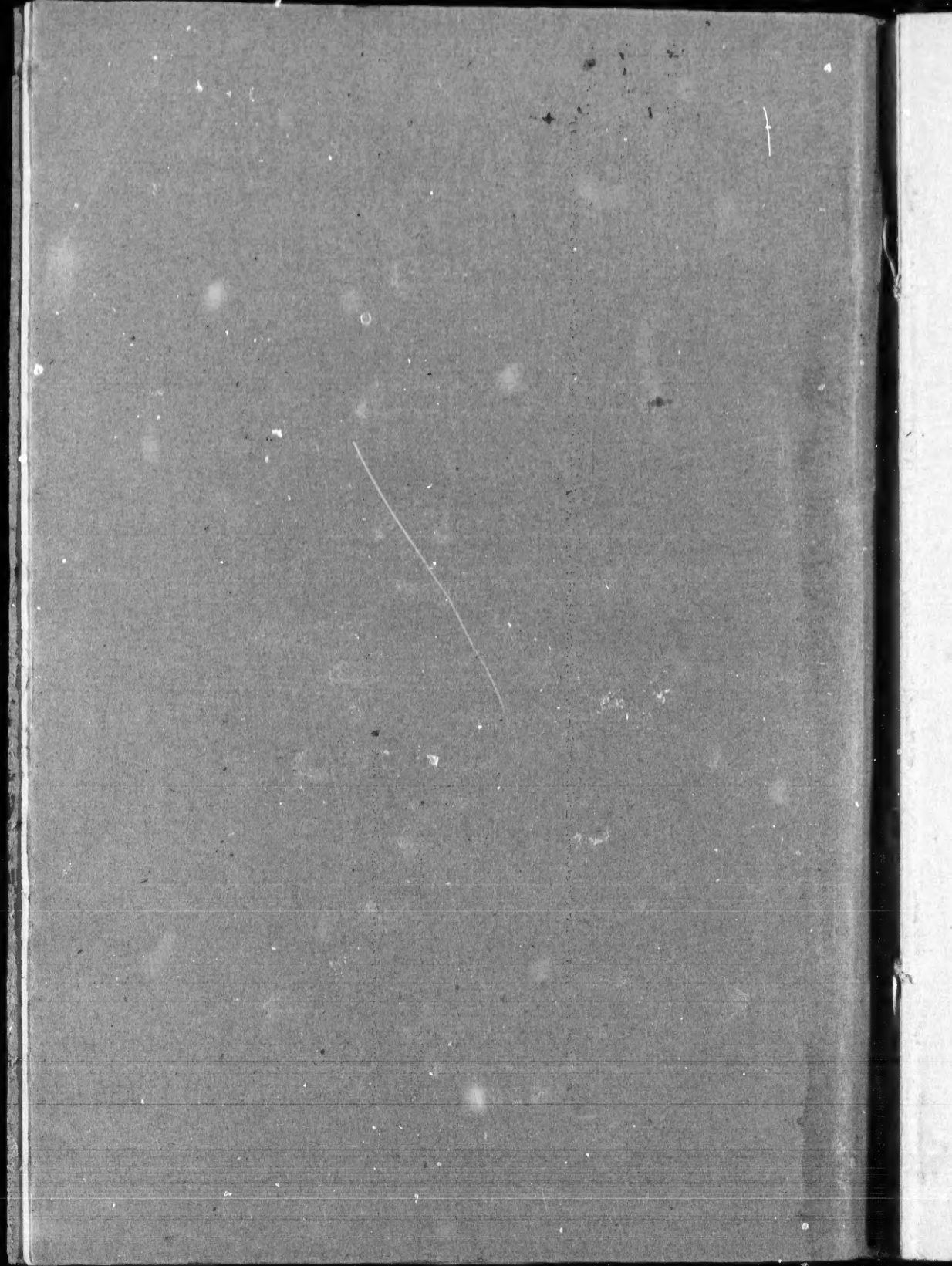


"HE SPAKE, AND IT WAS."

LAHSTOK:

RURAL PRESS.

1887



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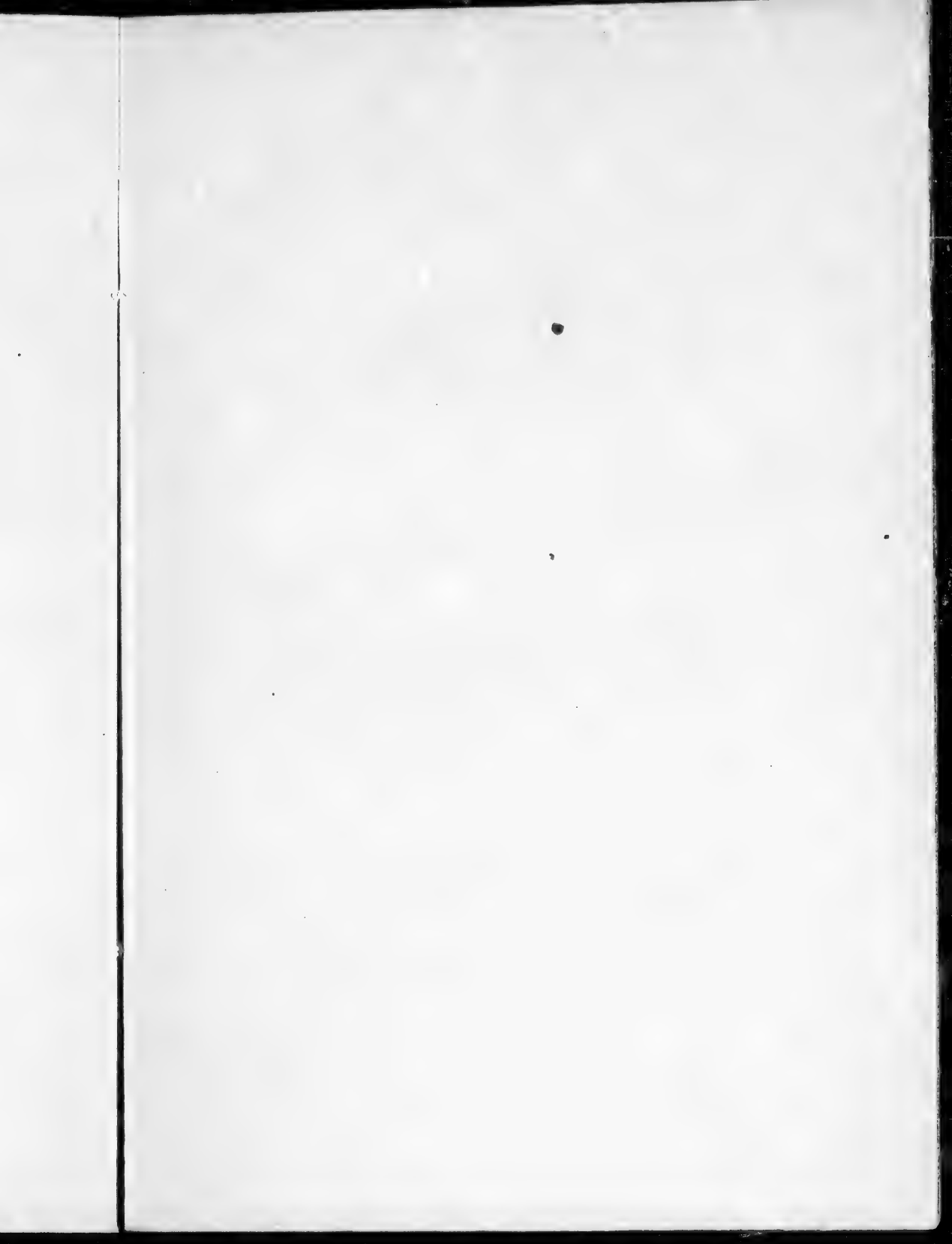
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THEMETHLA.



PREFATORY.

BRILLIANT advances in the varied domain of nature have been won. Yet amidst signal discovery and progress, is there not a tendency also to perversion? to retrocession? In the conquests of intellect, is there not discernable a pride and self-assertion betraying a tendency—nay, an effort—to annihilate the better aspirations of the soul? to quench the light of immortality?

Not every one who dons the plume, and assumes the port of science, necessarily figures as a sane and loyal knight. There must frequently be the shadow to assert the substance. There must sometimes be the false, even, to assure and place in relieve the true.

Those theories that slyly undermine, or openly deny, the central idea of a Supreme Originator and Governor of the universe. Or that ignore the Inspired History of earth and man, while professing belief in God and in Christ,—whatever the foil—are trustless as a bubble; are crude and delusive as the most fantastic dream.

Physical science is infantine yet, and incompetent to meddle with the problem of creation. Its theories are toys. Surrounded

PREFATORY.

by mysteries impenetrable: attended by uncertainty ever pendulous: much still eludes the trained vision of the naturalist; tho urged onward by an ever restless impulse. Rock and chalk and vestige and fossil have not yet told their whole story. The volume requires many more years of careful study. But will the processes of miracle—that which is done in the twinkling of an eye—even then be comprehended!

Let any one for the first time—or the hundredth even—read the sacred account of the six days of creation and the seventh of rest, and say whether that record in that supreme dictation does not convey, and is not intended to convey the distinct impression of stupendous creative acts in rapid succession? Yes, in the ordinary acceptation of time? A week of seven days. Days of twenty four hours. — And in the creative acts of those six days, who shall say how much is comprised? The simple declaration “We know nothing yet as we ought to know,” is not merely an aphorism, but a revealed truth of widest application.— Which science repeatedly illustrates.

*Elm Lodge Riverside,
Kingsclear, N. B. Canada.
Jany. 9 1887*

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.



GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

*Thou hast spoken of Thy servant's House
for a great while to come.*

King David.

*He subdues the peoples under us,
And the nations under our feet.
He chooses our inheritance for us,
The pride of Jacob whom He loves.*

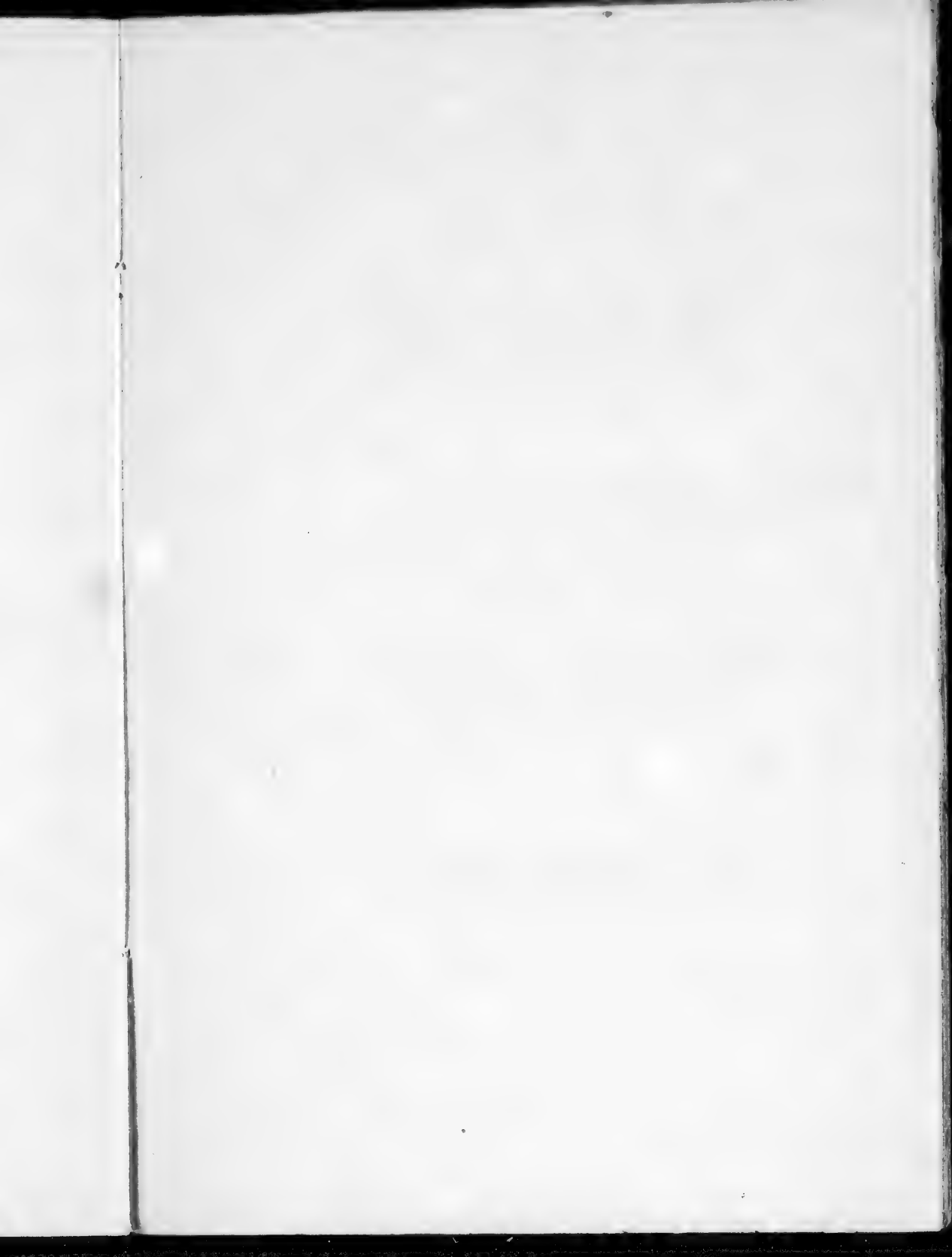
Psalm xlvii.

GOD save our gracious Queen,
God bless our noble Queen :

Long may she reign !
Ruling in sympathy,
Goodness and equity,
Over her great and free,
Nations and men.

Scion of Judah's kings.
Witness of wondrous things
Brought over seas.
Seated on Jacob's Stone,
Ruling on David's Throne.
Fulfilling, making known,
Heaven's decrees.

Long be thy people's boast.
Let earth's remotest coast
Joy 'neath thy sway.
Queen of the ancient line,
Empress on Throne Divine !
Cloudless thy star will shine,
Heralding day.

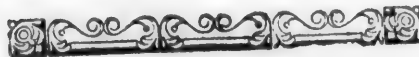


THE METHLA

Then again, we are met with the stubborn fact, that if the six days of the creation are six periods, the seventh day must likewise be an indefinite period.

Then what becomes of our Sabbath?

The Creation: Two Lectures By Prof. J. M. Hirschfelder.



THE METHLA.

A MORN magnificent! Muffled in snow
Drifted and deep gleam the retreating vales,
Weird, and bank'd with beauty. All THY works,
How they o'er drip in crystals of delight,
And rustle with the mysteries of Heaven!

The sun climbs up along the southward hills;
Turns this way a glad face from a blue sky,
Perfectly cloudless, with such golden smiles!
The white snows sparkle into life and warmth,
And the dusk wood responds with whispered joy.
The clean cut shadows of the trees grotesque,
Fall on the perfect snows. Each twig and bud,
Each hardy frond limned on the lustrous banks
And moveless River surface. Glorious beauty
Has visited this earth: and every phase
Of every season has its loveliness. —
How wonderful are we—and our surroundings!

I have been thinking of the labyrinth,
The world of riddles—into which we are dropt,
We are but embryos, scarce have seen the sun, —
And proteus Theory—strutting in dreams—
Is but a pigmy and no giant yet,
Though playing with creation as a top—
He spins it, grins and chuckles, full of glee,
As having overmastered mysteries,
And proved the Bible a stupendous myth,]
And God no God at all—mere principle
Working in matter, void of personality!
Oh sage! Nor lacks there even men of worth,
Who stand as watchmen on the towers of Truth,]

Themethla.

That crouch at these assumptions and turn pale,
Making absurd concessions. As if God
Dictated his great Book in language vague,
And almost absolutely meaningless.
Such flimsy zigzag of interpretation
Stumbling and timorous intellects apply,
To obviate objections of mere men.
Can sublunary wisdom find out God?
That God who hides himself amidst his works:
Every where present—yet invisible?

Science—what is it? Hark—A leaf in autumn,
Changing and frail: the fitful breath that bears it,
Which sighs among the tree tops and is gone.
An edying torrent curbed by rocky steeps,
Gainst which it vainly dashes and is lost,
A bursting star that shoots athwart the sky
To sink in utter darkness—(It was only
One sand of the dust of heaven, which sped along
As if 'twere charioted by steeds of lightning:
But having fallen upon earth's atmosphere,
Grew glorious for a moment.) A will-o-the-wisp,
That lures the drenched belated traveller
To fens and wallowing quags, perplexed and sad.
A wrecker's beacon, on a dangerous coast,
Which cheats the ship to breakers shoals and death

Yonder's the man of science. Lo he dreams
Amidst thy deafening roar, Niagara!
He notes thy slow recession through the cliffs,
Mining the soft and underlying strata,
Until the surface rock, denied support,
Crumbles and falls in the resistless gulf.
And from this passing phase, mark! he unfolds,
Interprets and lays bare the waste of time,

Themetula.

Secrets of ages. He puts forth his staff,
Pointing across the untraversed misty Lake,
Through lagging cycles of a vast duration.
This archæological evidence suffices
To prove to his mind the eternity of matter.
He delves to find the landmarks of illapse,
While inconceivable Eons watch around. —
Such theory is dermal, mere conjecture,
Baseless assumption, a prodigious sham.

Yes! speak, thou roaring Cataract, from thy bed,
Reply to the interrogating hours :
Wert thou amongst the rivers, when God's fiat
Had gathered up the waters, and decreed
The cloud hid mountains and the toppling crags,
Each breezy eminence, each succulent vale
Winding in dreams of romance. Shimmering rills
Tinkling thro' pebbly nooks. The gleaming river
Stealing into the smoking cataract ?
Is it not more than doubtful ? Possibly
Thy bed-rock then was forming fathoms deep.

Where was the witness of thy thunders when
Earth young but filled with violence, provoked
The lenity of high observant Heaven ?
Wert thou then form'd, stern monarch of cascades ?
Proof yet demurs to certify the fact :
Yoked with the possibility stands doubt.
Was thy rock soft or hard (if thou canst boast
Even so gray an age) when, at subsidence
Of the Great Deluge, disembouging lakes
Emptied their volume through this narrow gorge ?
Was much of this work accomplished in one day ?
One month ? one year ? haply one century ?—

Th s m s t h l a .

This whole six miles that flank the marvellous bluff
Which overlooks wave-piled Ontario ?

Who knows what agencies were here at work ?
What secret preparation had been made
In the bed rock, the loose conglomerate ?
Shells microscopic, mist-like infusoria,
May *not* have been subsiding countless ages.
That Power whose acts are miracle is not straiten'd
In the ornate construction of His works,
In all their wonders and intricacies,
By hours or ages. The effect of cycles
Is stored in inappreciable time :
Even prodigies repose upon the point
Of a bare second, dazzling and complete.

Can a held once a marriage feast. And when
Replenished were the tables, it so happened,
Wine the rubificant, which gladdens the heart,
Shunned the exhausted vessels. In that hour,
One bidden to the wedding bade the servants
Fill six capacious jars of stone with water.
Immediately they filled them to the brim.
He then the Guest known but how much a stranger!
Bade them replenish thence the lengthen'd tables.
Soon as the governor of the feast had tasted,
He called the bridegroom and he said : Men first
Set forth their wine—the best—and afterwards
Bring on the poorer : thou hast kept the good
Wine until now.

Suppose a vintager,
Deep skilled in wines, or vintner whose nice taste
Keen, unmistaking in the racy juice,
Had then been shown a sample of this wine,
Would he not have pronounced inductively,

Chemethla.

Peculiarities of that rich drink ?
Could he not have decided on what soil
Of sunny hillside fanned by genial airs,
Or what fat vale, those luscious grapes were grown
In all their fair profusion, mellowing slowly
In the autumnal golden dreamy haze ;
Gathered by singing hearts who trod with shouts
The winepress purpled with the blood of grapes.
Discribe the fermentation, guess the age
Mature, and racy zest of tardy decades ;
With each minute addition. Clear as savant
Can tell the age of strata, shells and bones,
And bird tracks left in the sand slabs of the lakes.

What tho' the rock which forms this grand plateau
Be recent or alluvial, vestige bearing
Of living forms and patterns of to-day,
And bones of mastodon ? Who yet shall read
With certainty these records of its years ?
Evoke and bring to light successive changes
Of which this catalogue takes no account ?
Changes that ic, elemental, vast,
Altering the face of things, confusing strata—
Deep lake and lofty mountain top exchanged,
And levels tossed by the disportive mood
Of some earth-shaking spasm. Show us the science
Whose optid tube can penetrate the past,
And spy the dusk abstruse effect and cause,
And trace the scope and management of things ?
Conclusion quite at fault.

The laws of nature
Are simply products of Miraculous Power,
Perfectly arbitrary : and denote
No absolute necessity which links

Themetila.

The potent cause with its observed effect—
Nothing insuperable upon the part
Of the Creator. Frequently has God
Suspended or reversed his natural laws :
(Yet some would sweep the glory from the act !)
Witness that hour when Israel's Leader cried : —
Sun, stand thou still on Gibeon, and thou Moon
In valley of Ajalon ! Earth at once
Ceased spinning. Did that quick surcease produce
Augmented gravitation ? Why did not
The beves on the green hills, glens and nooks,
The flocks that sport in the etherial sea,
The hostile host in rout, the swift pursuers —
Falter beneath the earth's attractive force,
Fall to the grasping earth—at once o'ercome
By the stern dictate of a natural law ?
Rusk air itself—why did it not, denuded
That quick centrifugal dispersing force,
In denser volume press the shrinking earth,
Deprived the uplifting balance of its speed,
To work its mischief with a might unseen ?
Motionless at the fiat from on HIGH,
Quelled in the depths of its abstrusest caves,
Slept gravitation—nor put forth a paw
Lion-like from its den.

That Power whose word
Created all these glories, and locked up
Forces immense in matter, holds them all
Subject to the least motion of his will,
And moves them as a feather in the haze,
Clipt from the artie petral's wing, when squalls
Of flying snows dance whitely through the vales.

On the hoar earth lie graven characters,
Deep unspelled hieroglyphs and antecedents ;

Thematics.

Footprints as of a multitude of years,
In the hard rock laid up. Slight vestiges
Of a strange animation gone. Some change
Twice journey'd o'er the glowing hemispheres,
Tho' seemingly unchang'd. Yes, neath that sun.
Flooding profuse with golden affluence,
The dwelling place of men. And since yon moon
In heaven's blue solitude, fair cronicler !
Bathed with her silvery silent dreamy spray
Nights like the forest's leafy retinue.
These come no more to obliterate. But now
Sweet interchanges—grateful, kind returns
Of life youth beauty. Man—does he return ?
He—the enigma of this marvellous world,
He—the rich crown and throne of the apparent ?
Earth steals about him. The dim haunted past
Wraps him within its blanket. He surceases,
And where is he ? Culture in vain appeals,
With essay with experiment. Estops,
Baffled and unrequited and dismayed.
The mystery remains inscrutable,
Lying without the boundaries of sense,
And entering the infinitudes beyond.

One only revelation, from the brink
Of the unknown and long forgotten years,
Asserts man's origin and destiny.
Yet many slight and not a few despise it !
Yes, any myth will serve an aim perverse,
Which would far rather fondle lies absurd,
Than trust the infallible record of the ROLL
Of Him who built the clustering universes.—
Others would make it *easier* for God
To work his wonders ! Taking quite away

Thermethila.

**The sunflash. But who dare set up a target,
And say He can not do it!**

Did they rise—

Those rolling orbs and mysteries interstellar,
Slowly or instantaneously? Combine
From mistlike wisps, ulterior to dates,
With an awakening motion and selection,
Thro' cycles piled on cycles.—till respondent
In each requirement of the accomplished train? —
Lo! in the simple fiat of those LIPS
Lodges the infinite bevy, the supply
And splendor of creation. Quick as came
The marvellous viands all prepared. that fed
The needy thousands in that day unique,
When the Great Prince those pinched and fru-
gal stores

Behold what tropical embellished trees
Lie bedded in the shivering arctic soil,
Midst the fierce rigors of the frozen North.
These flourished ere the pristine earth was curst.
Or ever boreal blast encrisped the seas.
Ere icy mountains settled at the poles.
Ere to the seawall gleaming glaciers crept.
Or sudden awful avalanches fell.
Then, there amidst the first formed pillar'd woods,
Strange and majestic creatures walked at large,
And came to Adam to receive their names,
Fresh from the forming word of the Supreme.
Bearing romantic beauty, which in vain
The artist seeks to conjure from the past.

The splendor of this early day has set.
Some types and many of those forms have fled :

T h e m e t h l a .

They served the purpose high that called them forth
Filled up the gap of the great solitude,
Ere men were numerous, and then retired.
But was this orb derived from *something* prior,
Matter invisible ? Then can not God
Make matter out of nothing ? Or remand
That matter into nothing at his pleasure ?
What ! not abolish, as his word declares,
This planet till it occupies no place,
And build at once a nobler in its stead ?
Because the chemist fails to annihilate
The merest atom,—ah ! can God not do it ?
Can he not blot this universe from space,
Just as a flamelit scroll is swept away,
Viewless forevermore ? Even space itself,
What is it but the *height* and *depth* enumerated
Amongst the things created ? Who shall dare
Limit The Holy One of Israel ?

Why is it men will wreck their brains to sweep
Nature with all earth's boasts into a myth ?
The buried cities of the weird Past
Shake off the dust of croaking centuries,
And face the vaunting sceptic with the truth
He challenged and contemned.

Prophetic words

Rise from the Golden Book and live like stars
Above the fallen fortunes of the Past,
And splendors long dust-hidden.—Belus old,
From a "burnt mountain" looks along a plain,
Now desolate and bare. Once giant walls
Of sun-dried bricks, compact with glutinous slime
Rose in a cloud-like cordon from the soil
Hundreds of feet, crown'd with commanding towers
And spacious roadway, whence the serried guards

Themethla.

Could laugh at brandish'd spears and hostile bows
Reply to alings and javelins with a shrug,
Holding strict watch and ward from the dim height,
Over the hundred ponderous brazen gates.—
As if a phantom merely—baseless—void,
Or startling echo—lo, their pride is fled.
Seek now the brick lined moat whose bending lake
Enclosed the vaunting city with a belt
Of glory and defense. That too is gone.
Gone like a feverish vision of the night.
‘Utterly broken,’ like those wondrous walls.
Now patient archæologists dispute
Their very site—finding no vestige left
Of double wall or trench. The masonry
Has vanish'd like the builders—as foretold
While the proud City menac'd earth and Heaven:
Fully a thousand years before its fall.—

What stone is this that startles with its hugeness?
Where are the workmen who some moments since
Broke off their labors? Will they come again
After short interval, to their great task?
Yes, doubtless we shall watch their vigorous toil,
And wait to witness the herculean feat—
For this great block, the greatest that was ever
Cut from the quarry—is almost detached,
Awaiting transportation to its niche
Of seventy feet, in yon titanic platform
Of the unfinished Temple of the Sun.
Hush--do we hear them coming? No! the Master,
Chief of the builders, who devised the plan,
Of this cyclopean structure, has been absent,
With all his workmen forty centuries!
Yes, an impossible four thousand years

T h e m e t h l a .

Have actually flitted o'er this scene,
And left on this great stone not even a wing-brush.
And those vast years have built and trampled glories
And boasts of the earth, altho' it seems a moment
Since hammers and chisels, plied by busy hands
Of noisy artisans, left this great task.—
Unknown surcease. They never will come again
To the quarry of this Syrian city, Baalbec.
Some sudden unforeseen emergency—
Some Providential interruption,
Baffled their towering plans, and incomplete
Doomed the idolatrous Temple. There it stands
Impressive, marvellous, unfinished, waste:—
Fragment of almost immemorial days,
And witness to the grandeur of that Past
Which hastened not nor tarried—and is gone. —

On a great wondrous Monolith, is graven
With point of diamond in the rock forever:—
The gods that have not made the earth and heavens,
Shall perish from them; and the earth be filled
With knowledge of the LORD as waters cover
The unplumbed basins of the surging deep. —
Already springs the dawn of this broad day.
Acts—like the sands of heaven impell'd thro' space,
Form stars in the blue atmosphere of time.—

Search the dense dust! Even Ilium old, disturbed
Breaks the long trance of a romantic sleep
Neath buried cities. Bare those rock-hewn tombs
Of noted heroes. Sift those golden wares,
Wrought dexterously in ancient art profuse.
Scrape the fall'n rubbish from her basements rude
And find beneath them even an earlier Troy.—

Themethla.

Bedecked in trophies rescued from the past,
She lights the truth of old Homeric song.

Quelap's gigantic wall of well dressed stone,
Midst those mysterious pre-Incal works
Scattered throughout Peru, invites a thought.
Full fifty feet in height, immense of base :
In stern solidity, supporting yet
Another of equal height. And both surmounted
By niches for the dead—in silence seated. ———
Lean chin on knees reclined, and arms entwining
Dried shrivelled legs, confined in their stone grotts
Naked—or draped in hued embroidered cotton.
Oh ghastly mimicry ! how surely swept
By slow attrident ages into dust.
And sepulchres like ovens pierce the towers,
On whose slabb'd floors strange puzzling mum-
mies rest:

Still unawakened from the trance of ages,
Which yet will burst its chain—O wordrous tho't !

Behold the marks of life o'er many a plain.
See cities merged in forests. Nodding gloom
Sighs over empty courts. From stately walls
Huge built of chiseled porphyry and granite,
Stare the forsaken idols, while deep rooted,
Perch monstrous forest shafts in leafy grandeur
Over the puzzling masonry. No fancy,
But mulish Fact—the wizard ! stoops to hear,
As from a weird and chattering phonograph,
The songs and wails of a despoiling past."

What patient racking toil, what vast endurance
Environed mountains, teracing the hills.

Themetla.

Hundreds of leagues of walls thro' gulch and valley
O'er breezy eminence, and difficult way.
Stones of all sizes, many-sided blocks,
Fitted with nice precision to their bed,
Each with its only mates. Some how immense,
Bro't leagues on leagues along forbidding ways,
O'er obstacles most insurmountable.
These terraced hills fed a dense population,
Mighty in project and in execution.
Those busy denizens have gone the way
Of all the earth. Removed as by the swoop
Of a dread besom into shades obscure.
Lived they before the awful cataclysm? —

O succulent valley of the mystic Nile,
River of old bewildering Mizraim,
Where are the stately palaces, which erst,
High garlanded with envious renown,
Dazzled and awed Hellenic travellers?
See! prone in dust the Shadow of the past
Scarce whispers from the stones of emptiness.
Here disappointing quest and vain endeavor,
After a seeming, high and realistic,
Shame the sad hours, darken like sunset clouds
Rest of a subtle glory not their own.
The elaborate decorations of those years,
The goodly toils of light-delivering art,
Were dragg'd amidst the abominable trail
Of bestial gods hatched in the lowest hell.
And the decree of the Eternal One
Smote the false light and the voluptuous gourd.
The idols have departed out of Noph—
Nay! perish'd, as the ancient Roll declared.

Thetithla.

And broken columns strew magnificence,
And mystery o'er many a vaunted site;
Where the priest-blinded myriads of men
Groined beneath a mountain of disastrous creeds,
Of origin demoniacal, and framed
For the subversion of the entire man. —

Who reared yon wondrous Pile? Vast monument
Prince of the Pyramids! and lone in splendor.
The tufts of mystery unmoving wrapt
Thy strange interior through checkered days
Of the huge laden past. Eternity
Seems crouching at thy feet. And o'er thy head
Roll change and shadow and dismantling times,
Yea, all the wrath of the abolishing Past.
Scarred, yet thou lingerest. From thy silent halls
Bursts forth a glory, leaps a lambent flame;
And science teaching scientists, and tossing
The boasted laurels from the savant's brow.

Long lines of kings here flourish'd, but who placed
On everlasting ledges of the earth,
These sentient blocks? Incised and polish'd them,
And joined with consmate skill? Nay, who
implanted
The en-ancing knowledge in this Pile occult?
Strange epizeuxis and epitome!
A Roll shall answer it: Behold the Pillar,
The Sign and Witness to the Lord of Hosts.

Go forth, ye Savans, search! for there is much
To be accomplished through this ancient Pile.
It shall give up those treasures held in trust,
To quest that wearies—falters not, is patient,

T h e m e t h l a .

Men of Manasseh ! and refresh your toil
With things reserved for the approaching cycle.
With glories hidden from earth's infancy.
Prepared by Israel's KING for his Great People,
The sons of Abraham. God speed ye forth.

Called—destinated by the Heavenly Voice,
To be the source of a posterity,
Prime as the stars, and multitudinous
As all the outpoured sands of every coast :
God's heritage on earth. Departed thence,
Leaving his father's gods beyond the river,
This Sire of many nations. Taking with him
Sarai the beautiful, the designated
Princess and mother of nations. And of kings,
The predecessor of the Royal Line
Of Abraham's seed. The New the Crescive Stone.
Beyond the River he left his father's gods,
In Ur of the Chaldeans. And went forth,
To be a Wanderer. Camping here and there.
On this man's Race the future is bestowed,
And the broad earth. All nations are to serve them.

High on the nightly arch the sacred role
Of Isaac's sons of Abraham's Seed is graven.
The jewelled paragraphs flash forth in stars :
As a broad galaxy of radiant truth,
Which many read though few interpret it.

A day predicted long, is drawing near,
When Jacob will go up and view his wastes,
And shed upon the desolations old
And the choice Land a new magnificence,
To usher in the laughing time of earth.

Themethla.

How matchless is the high unfolding truth
Gem clustering in the holy Oracles !
To the unaided mind and natural heart
Tho' crude and paradoxical it seems,
While far transcending the imaginings
Of loftiest genius. Toppling and profound,
Sards, stones ineffable of exquisite beauty,
Dazzling with splendor and magnificence,
Sparkling and rich are rained upon its pages.

There, treasured in deep coffers, lies the wealth
That must enrich eternity, and fill
The soul with satisfaction and delight.
For the *Themethla* the foundation sure,
Is in the LIFE of the UNCHANGING ONE.
Whose knowledge, wisdom, justice, equity ;
Whose rooted power, whose captivating grace,
Transfuse the transcript in the glowing scroll
On which the Prophets calligraphed the TRUTH,
And left it as the sunlight of the ages.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.



INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

WHAT constitutes a token—something phenomenal, or not? Did the Rainbow exist prior to the deluge? Physicists say, Yes it is the result of natural laws and always appeared. Exegetical writers meekly bow to their authority. — Light is now known to consist, not of three colors nor seven only, but of countless hues and tints. A wonderful and glorious infinity in itself. Why, of all this variety of colors, are only those magnificent seven persistently prismatic? Why not other hues and tints frequently or at least sometimes displayed as well? Will any one pretend to say! But what constitutes an *OTH* (a token or sign)? Must it not at least be something remarkable? Had Noah previously been familiar with the Bow, it could represent nothing to him.— But how unworthy—how dishonoring—the mere thought, that the Almighty Creator on this signal occasion, and in this explicit and emphatic manner, did then consecrate something—neither an archetype nor phenomenal—but an oft seen painting—as the sign and the seal of that new and wondrous covenant.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

SITUATED IN A WILD AND MOUNTAINOUS REGION

NEAR CALISTOGA SPRINGS, CALIFORNIA.



IS Nature crazed? Such gambols are here!
Or wakes from a trance of tossing fear,
Planting her phantoms full in sight?
Answer, Enchantress! versed and dight:
For, lo! a marvellous forest lies
Under our feet and before our eyes.

We know that mosses have overgrown
Toils of ages all wrought in stone:
That under earth's flower-work'd mantle of green
Gifts and graces retire unseen:
Treasures on which no light has streamed:
Marvels wild romance never dreamed:—
That vestiges of a kingly Past,
Shut in her kindly bosom last:—
Tho' the tho'ts, the themes and the skill of old,
Midst trance and figment are faintly told.

But here a wonderful forest lies,
Under our steps and before our eyes.
Great trunks—we climb them, tall pines they stood,
Prostrate and tumbled—a massive wood,

The Petrified Forest.

Suddenly snapt and hurled to the ground
In some burst that troubled the mountains round.
Yet mark—how exempted from decay—
Fresh as if fallen but yesterday !

Fragments—yes chips—bestrew the ground :
This forest once echoed the wood cutter's sound,
Was it by haggling weapon of stone :
By scarf of fire and scrape of bone ?
Never ! But here plied bronze or steel,
Keen and flashing at each appeal.
Cleaving great trunks and laying them low,
In the lost dim vista of long ago.

But is this wood we are gazing on ?
Once it was wood—but is changed to stone.
Stone of a grayish white it lies,—
A forest of stone to illude our eyes.
Oak, madrona and pine unite,
And manganita, to challenge the sight
With the wonders we fail to comprehend,
Of which we see neither beginning nor end.

Stems, stumps and slivers and sticks around,
Return to the stroke a metallic sound :
A bell note fallen from sunlit towers,
When this young wood waved in archaic hours.
While some converted to stone-coal black,
Bear the laded heat of far summers back,
Evolve with its lustre the fiery spark
That fetters the chill and illumines the dark.
And the axe of the chopper, steeled and keen,
Ere these trunks were stone, in this wood was seen

The Petrified Forest.

And here in the midst stand living trees,
And green boughs sighing in summer breeze.
And the twitter of birds and the plumage of life,
Float jocund around in a world of strife :
O'er a scene from which that strife has past,
Spreading in peace. But it will not last :
For the jibe and the moil will be here agen,
And the tumult and clash of restless men.

Problems at every step we meet.
Enigmas blossom about our feet.
We have just awaked to behold the sun :
And the course of nature seems only begun.
Less than the merest nothing we know
Of the heavens above and the earth below.
Self observation, and that of those
Who are now reclining in deep repose—
Some that have traversed like wondrous stars,
Bursting on heaven all unawares :
Bright with a presage that came and past,
Leaving regretted glory at last.
These scanty items of thought, combined,
Are all we can reap—or leave behind.
Thus much we call science in theories wro't.
But fancies o'errun the fields of tho't :
And the sheaves yield not the heavy grain,
And the precious wheat, to reward our pain. —

Oh, mighty archaic Continent !
With varied and mythical shadows blent—
Around it spreads and afar it sweeps
To either pole and the icy deeps.

The Petrified Forest.

Is it the lost Atlantis, brought
From the lethe of long abandoned thought ?
Where are those builders of countless mounds ?
Their rise and their fall a cloud surrounds.
Have they down the mountain of ages slid ?
What hints survive ! but their archives are hid.
Over vast regions wild and lone,
Many and mighty their works are strown.
Hillocks of sacrifice, mounts of pride,
Circumvallations that cast aside
The figment of fear, and shielded with stone
The light and the jewels of men unknown.

And now, in the trance of centuries laid,
On a blossoming marge in a ward of shade ;
Over the toilers a tent is spread,
And a legend of joy o'er the peace of the dead.
But a signal that cannot be rendered, plays
In a bowl unshattered from those far days :
Yet sealed like the silent mute giraffe,
And the cup is so deep no lips may quaff.

Yet unrequited we seldom ask :
Conjecture is master of many a task.
Mounting the ages as they roll—
Proclaiming the grandeur of the soul.
Talking with men in the forest of stone ;
Walking the dubious and unknown ;
Guessing the riddles, and what beside
In a scheme of dominion is implied.
Delighting to question—so nimble the spring
Impelling a radiant Fancy's wing.

The Petrified Forest.

Now as a humming bird—midst the flowers,
Here and away, thro' the odorous hours.
Now as an eagle—bound on high,
Soaring and watching aloft the sky.
Now as a dove—let it loose—set it free,
Quickly midst scenes of its joy will it be.

Were those of the mounds the men who felled
This forest in changeless durance held ?
If so indeed, were the mountains yet
Midst the zone of original glory set ?
But who shall credit what specialists teach—
That iron was out of a young world's reach ?
That men then tug'd—as a cur with a bone,
And blundered and toiled thro' an age of stone ;
Guessing and learning, by slow degrees,
In fire-hollow'd logs to skim the seas,
And with hatchets of stone to gnaw the trees ?
Alack for the skulls fill'd with bubbles like these !

I prefer to accept that Volume old,
Whose letters are light, and whose pages are gold,
Whose themes are facts, whose witness is truth,—
That iron was worked in the world's fresh youth:
That the Maker left not His creatures alone,
Under life's needs to tug and to groan,
Thro' fire, and fagot, and gouges of bone,
And hatchets all chipt out of nothing but stone.
These were reserved for an after time,
When raving and rampant grew war and crime,

The Petrified Forest.

When the race from ravaged regions fled
Of isle and continent overspread :
Consigned to ignorance, blood and tears,—
The savages of succeeding years.—
But this was earth's piebald phase alone,
For arts and science on portions shone.

Was it ere that globe-submerging Flood,
This forest was level'd where it stood ?
Did waters that o'er the whole earth prevail'd,
While the Ark midst their swellings safely sail'd,
Refuse to float these stone-changed trees ?
Or did their stript branches sigh in the breeze,
That day, while on far off Arrarat,
The remnant of all earth's millions sat ?

As the smoke of their sacrifice ascends—
Lo ! the awful Maker graciously bends
O'er the wreck of a wicked world destroyed,
O'er sky and field made empty and void ;
He smells a grateful offering sweet,
From the earth that lies vacant at His feet ;
And gives unto Noah a marvellous Sign—
New wonder on earth—His Bow divine.

Stood these, when God's creative word
The folded light and the rain-cloud heard ?
When, from countless tints of light's wondrous braid
All wreathen splendors, each exquisite shade,
A matchless seven—those chosen dyes,
Lay arched on the leaden and pouring skies,
Seven-rib'd with radiance ? Each flowing gem,
The stone of a peaceful diadem.

The Petrified Forest.

A crown of mercy. A span of love,
Arching the heavens while tempests strove. —
There lightnings leaped from the tortured cloud,
There awful thunders pealed rattling and loud,—
But God was looking! And always thereon
Looks He this day, as thro' ages gone,
Approving the pledge of perpetual grace,
Bestowed on a sad and swerving race.

O beautiful light, thrice sacred light!
With the Maker's ineffable glory bright.
Coming like flocks of celestial birds,
Waking the earth as with songful words.
Spreading all wonderful hues apace.
The life of the globe, and its joy and grace.
Worthy The High One, who spake and said—
Let there be light: and this light was made.

Resplendet Bow! which the finger of God
Marked where the vengeful tempest rode.
O gift august of mysterious tone;
Armorial splendors with pity strown.
Rich Covenant Sign—created THEN,
Securing all seasons and times to men:
Not only to men, but the beasts that rove
Through open fields and the shady grove:
And also the birds that sail above—
O strange and unspeakable grace and love!

Conjecture, like Ship from an arctic coast,
Must encounter the iceberg and suffer the frost,

The Petrified Forest.

While bringing but stunted treasure back :
Freighted the most with its loss and lack.

A deep dark current unceasing flows,
From a strange wide sea which no Farer knows.
There are wondrous castles that blaze in gold,
But no warder waits at the portals cold :
Huge mountains that move 'gainst wind and tide,
And jewelled nooks on the seas that ride.
There are drift and fragments that come to land.
There are masts half buried in ice or sand ; —
But the book of it all—is only read
By the angel Watchers and the dead.

MISCELLANEOUS

LYRICS.

PRELIMINARY.

WHERE IS IT?—

THE HIDING PLACE OF THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL?

THAT passages depicting the history of God's Hidden Ones of Abraham's posterity, in their appointed place,— the Isles: that allusions uniquely descriptive, varied, distinct, plain and scattered profusely over the sacred pages; — should notwithstanding be systematically ignored, or dreamily expounded, by many patient, accomplished and devout students of the sacred oracles, seems at a glance incredible—impossible. How then does it happen? But may it be said to happen? For is it not written: Who is blind, but my servant? or deaf, as my messenger that I send?

To such as can divest themselves of preconceived opinions, and compare the prophecies with the rise, the expansion, the scope and attitude of the British and their colonial offshoots, surely little else can be needed to implant the conviction that they indeed are the missing House of Israel.

Highly favored, then, are those whose eyes like the young man's at the prayer of the prophet, have been opened to discover the opulence and the stateliness of the promises now in process of fulfilment. And who have been indulged with a glimpse of the floods of light and glory emanating from the rich, the exhaustless pages of the unfailing word.


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*MISCELLANEOUS.*  
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There Is Hope For The World.
—————

THERE is hope for a world, restless, hampered—
and torn;—

An ascension of life, a revival of morn;—
When idolatrous images—wood, and of stone,
Of silver—of gold, are completely o'erthrown.

When the offspring of Jacob the witness of God,
Make glad every sea and each continent broad,
When the Sceptre of David, establish'd of old,
Shall rule every nation from Zion's Stronghold.—

Then—no longer the ambient air will be rent
By forces terrific with vengeful intent.
Then the sword shall return from its bath of
warm gore.
And the throat of a cannon will thunder no more.

Lo, ironclads gunless ! they plough the deep seas.
And the murmur of traffic enriches each breeze.
And kindness and blessing sail nobly abroad,—
For all hearts sit enthroned in the knowledge
of God.

The Glory To Be Revealed.

THERE comes a day foretold, an Age of glory,
When sects and schisms shall obtain no more;
When stubborn error, plastic sleights—tho' hoary,
When broods of theses, when tradition's lore—
Shall melt shall vanish with influx of light :
And all as one unite.

They shall see eye to eye ! Such is the reading
In the Great Roll which is the truth of God.
And mouldering tomes with glosses oft misleading
Must merge in one sure basis strong and broad,
Beneath the power and prestige of the Cross :
Refined from earth and dross.

And this set time of high and holy union,
Shows that a term of variance would precede :
When many differed—though in true communion
With the Great Teacher, and his saints indeed.
The paths prolix of veined and various thought,
Having been overwrought.

Though many boast, We only are the people !
Complete and perfect, only we remain !
Heaven's shivering fire may shake the loftiest
steeple,
And dust and darkness claim their mates again.
Egregious Error mistifies at will —
It falls—but struggles still.

The Glory To Be Revealed.

Nor is it that the present is not heedful
Of the exposed opinions of the past.
There cannot be accord, however needful,
Midst thoughts rough blown along an ocean vast.
The many-sided truth has lines severe,
But oft not bright nor clear.

Our Saviour said, Ye cannot now receive it,
Alluding to some maxim which He taught.
And so of many a truth. Constrained we leave it,
Because too burdensome for laboring thought.
'Twould recompose the marshalings of I fe;
And press the heart with strife.

But when the times relinquish from their prison
The missing Ark, with wonder and surprise,
A priest—whose orb of light not yet has risen,
With Urim and with Thummim will arise.
The living Oracles will be restored :
And men will hear the Lord.

Then—when the future Temple, wrapt in lustre,
Becomes the earthly Throne of Christ Most High
Then will depart the myriad strifes that clustre.
Then will the Tribes of God see eye to eye.
The Lord himself will guide the glowing lands,
With kind and healing hands.

Yes ! the set time for eye to eye beholding,
Nathless the worrying ages grudge to wait,
Will in due season have its full unfolding :
When Salem's towers, no longer ruinatè,

In The King's Sacred Roll.

Exult with singing ; and each spacious street
Echoes with bounding feet.

Then Syria's waiting cities, waste—but guarded
Thro' the long night by The Unsleping Eye,
To God's returning Hosts will be awarded :
And glow beneath the compensated sky,
Which blushed above the regal might, that built,
But lost those holds through guilt.

In The King's Sacred Roll.

I.

IN THE KING's sacred Roll, in cartoons
choicely set,
Iridescent and flooded with morning,
As Brothers, lo ! Judah and Joseph have met,
To the clime of the olive returning.

As once in a richly chased vessel—most pure,
A gift to JEHOVAH was tendered :
So His long scattered Judah, in season mature,
And the day of ripe hopes, will be rendered.

Then hasten, and strew with fresh garlands the way
Roll the rocks off with gladness and singing.
No, hesitate never ! with fruitless delay ;
Unto God this memorial bringing.

II.

But Joseph is hidden ! and Judah disclaims
All knowledge and quest of his hiding.

In The King's Sacred Roll.

And Joseph is blinded and boasts other names :
In tents deemed Japhetic abiding.

But shall he concealed and in blindness remain,
And his lineage never discover ?
No ! the light he must see, and his path shall be
plain :
For the night of his hiding is over.

Then hasten — and strew with green branches
the way ;
Cast out the obstructions, with singing.
Jerusalem weeps—she bemoans the delay ;
And the cry of the moslem is ringing.

III.

But Judah will never acknowledge his claim,
No, never can own him as Brother !
Ah—smarting with obloquy ruin and shame,
Can he find—will he flee to—another ?

True pity is lodged with the Saxon alone :
Else friendless and bare midst the nations.
This help in his need he must honor and own,
And seek amidst ruthless privations.

Then strew with bright garlands and branches
the way :
The time and the season discerning,
Jerusalem sits in the dust to this day,
And weeps for her Children's returning.

Glory Of Israel.

GLORY of Israel, God of all grace,
Wonderful, bountiful, King ever blest ;
Shed on Thy Chosen the light of Thy face :

Give Jacob rest.

Long has he wandered,

Blinded and sundered :

Themes have been pondered.

Wise men have wondered.

Israel plants— and his cup overflows.

Judah yet strays amidst pillage and woes.

God of all glory, King of all grace,

Shine on thy People—thine own chosen Race..

O let Thy love and Thy kindness, awaken

Zeal for his Land and its cities forsaken.

Healer of Israel, author of grace,

King only bountiful, God ever blest ;

Shed on Thine exiled the smiles of thy face.

Grant Judah rest.

Long has he wandered,

Straitened and sundered :

Monarchs have pondered,

Exulted and plundered.

Merged in the shadows and ruins of years,

Plunged in the furnace and torment of fears :

God of all pity, King of all grace,

Pardon thy Judah—restore and replace.

O let Thy wondrous compassion, awaken

Zeal for his Land and its cities forsaken.

Father of Israel, Monarch and crown ;

Wonderful, pitiful. God ever blest :

How Deep Is The Sadness.

Joseph has fought and achieved great renown;
 Lead him to rest.
He has been freeing
 The bruised ones and lowly;
Toiling as seeing
 The High One and Holy.
Hidden in origin—destiny—end,
Still fill Thy bow with him, Thou more than friend.
Laden with marvels of glory and grace,
Lead up Thine Israel—Abraham's Race.
 O let Thy love and Thy faithfulness, waken
 Zeal for his Land and its cities forsaken.

How Deep Is The Sadness.

How deep is the sadness, how cheerless the
 gloom,
Which crushes the heart—like the clods of the
 tomb,
When the light and the thoughtless, presuming
 and gay,
Prove the fiction of hope, and the frailty of clay

No golden tints rest on the shadow of cloud.,
Where the roll of the tempest is distant and loud;
When it mounts in dismay from the verge of the
 sky,
And the vales swoon in mist, and the far forests
 sigh.

Ellapse.

Alas for the bosom whose treasure is here,
Where the cutting blasts sweep, where the tor-
rents career.

Where the spectre of death,— and the voice of
distrust,

Haunt the banquet of mirth—even down to the
dust.

Alas for the spirit, whose thoughts never take
One bound from this brink which we all must
forsake.

Whose emotions but thrill to illusions abroad,
Averse to the future, forgetful of God.

Illapse.

HOURS—they have multiplied,
Falling as thickly as the rains that beat
The murmuring valleys, and the hills' retreat;
Or leaves that clog the tide
Midst loud october gusts, which moaning sweep
Down to the stream-fed surges of the deep,
A wealth of glowing hues,
Ripe through the blissful tears of gentlest dews.

And, lo! above the pines,
The Day, in orphery robed, walks in the West,
Sending a farewell of broad quiet lines.

Rich heliographs! Imprest
With earnest meanings. These, interpreted,
Speak to the jaded loiterer of a rest:

And glory sweetly hid,
As in a perfumed vase with flower closed lid.

Optimism.

In the light of Thy word, as we look on this life,
With its glitter its toil and its glory;
It is not all failure, though cumbered with strife,
Nor all false though it fleets like a story.

But in the deep distance a crown and a prize
Allure with their flashes and splendor:
Yes! the fulness of Heaven persuading our eyes,
With all bounties that kindness can render.

Though the day of prosperity surely will pass,
Tho' life's portion be sighing or sorrow,
Tho' it bud as the flower, tho' it fade as the grass,
Amaranthine 'twill rise on the morrow.

Then patiently wait altho' storm on life's lake,
With spasm and rainings be blowing;
There is endless duration for joy to partake:
And to this the full tide waves are flowing,

O how changed is the scene, when we look on
this life,
With its hoping, its toiling, its sighing,
In the calm light of Heaven thro' the promises
rife,
And the bliss of a glory undying.

In the light of that Word, in its exquisite scope,
As we seek for the glory emphatic;

Slow To Believe.

Tho' hid from the worldling, it yields unto hope
The sure ground for a future ecstatic.

We are rapt and amazed, and forbidden to fear,
Tho' the earth should be burrowed with
sadness.—

Tho' the heavens depart, the Redeemed must
appear,
And inherit their portion in gladness.

Slow To Believe.

WE are slow to believe, ah, how slow to believe
The immutable words of the multifold Book :
But how ready to credit the sleights that deceive,
And myths that from scrutiny shrink at a look.

Can we really think there is glory revealed,
Uppiled like a cloud-covered mountain of light,
That will burst into splendor, no longer concealed
By one wisp of the cloud, by one vestige of night?

Deep down in the valley the glad river glides,
Contributing wealth and donating its might :
Afar from its planet the moon rules the tides,
And from measureless spaces the stars send
their light.

Be admonished, O earth, 'tis the glory of God
Beyond glass beyond plummet to set his designs.
While slight indications are scattered abroad,
The gold and the gems are reserved in deep
mines.

Jacob Preserved Though Banished.

The Wind Flower.

LIKE the strange cactus of a fostering clime,
In hardihood and sentience sublime,
Whose regnant flowers peer forth when storms
are sweeping,
But hide away when blasts are lull'd and sleeping:
Thus sacred sympathy in zeal appears,
Rescuing—and unburdening the years.
Assaying to uncase each fardel sorrow :
Aiding to-day, illumining to-morrow.

Jacob Preserved Though Banished.

THOUGH Jacob be blind, as the prophets foretold,
See him girded and guarded, and led as of old.
Thro' an offskip of shading where sorrows molest,
Into regions he knows not and valleys of rest.
Grace that spans as an arch the broad vista of time
And unites the infinitudes dim and sublime,
Overrides and subdues, nor will leave him for aye,
Tho' the path be obscure, tho' the blessing delay.
Animated with hope, with persistence endued,
Even stark misadventure results in his good.
Oriental, obtuse,—clear his fortunes are sketcht
On a parchment sublime, o'er the ages outstretcht
His trials his triumphs, his ultimate blaze —
In the hand of Messiah a timbrel of praise :
The umpire of battles, the lord of the sea,—
Now to break every yoke, high exalted and free.

Triumphantly Ride In Thy Chariot Of Might !

The Persecutor.

With rueful grimace amidst virulent days,
In penance, in grime, in bewildering haze,
Arises a Form from the nether abyss,
To sweep from this earth all its light and its bliss.

And how fare the lowly the good and the pure ?
O where are the faithful ? Deep vext but secure.
Behold them in donjons. See ! mangled and strown
Midst the hill shaking crash of a ruthless cyclone.

And this dastardly Tyrant that blackens the sky,
Goes forth in the name of the Ruler Most high !
And this ruin remorseless that gloats o'er the weak
Is done in the name of the Master Most Meek !

O horrible Dynasty, seated on high,
With its basis in hell and its cowl in the sky !
Denying—defying the Record of God,
And rending the sheep he redeemed by his blood.

With the teeth of a wolf but the show of a lamb,
From the feast of his millions he rises the same.
Now reeling and drunken with blood of the saints
Dipt deeper in gore than the record that paints.

Triumphantly Ride.

Triumphantly ride in Thy chariot of might,
Redeemer of Jacob, dispenser of light.

Let the foes of Thy glory be scattered in scorn,
And Thy People come forth in the lustre of morn.

For the Arm clad in marvel can au't be too strong ?
Joy awakes to the Lost and rich grace is the song !

The Lord Christ.

Unmoved is Thy Truth unto Abraham sworn,
And the flock of Thy glory thy tribes shall return.
Not one shall be lacking : redeemed by Thy hand,
They shall feed on the hills of the beautiful land.
Lo ! He now makes before us the crooked ways
straight,
And over rough places conducts us in state.
See valleys uprising—the hills sinking low !
And His Pillar of Presence before us will go.

The Lord Christ.

LIKE no earthly monarch **HE**
King of mercy rich and free !
Christ—he stoops to overcome,
Bows the heavens and bursts the tomb,
Binds the foe and breaks the lance :
Glorious in deliverance.

Pardons He delights to give :
See the dead come forth to live.
Hopeless ruin yields them up
To the life of joy and hope.
And the voice that calls them forth,
Garnished heaven and built the earth.

Father Of Israel Whose Word

FATHER of Israel, whose word
Worlds—even the worlds unformed—have heard.
In the rich missive from whose throne
The wondrous future is made known.

God—only puissant—the High,
Whose foot-mark is immensity;
Throned in the cycles beyond time.
Crowned with infinitudes sublime.

Camped in the light beyond all dream,
Girt with all magnitudes supreme :
Creator of all marvellous things :
Saviour—from whom all bounty springs :—

Oh, bow thine ear and bend thine eye !
Scan Israel's lack, hear Judah's cry !
Thy chosen Tribes all outcast yet,
Their princely origin forget.

Even Judah knows not in his need
The Priest who for his life must plead ;
And Israel slights, discredits yet,
The glowing words before him set,

And neither of the twain can see
Their grand approaching jubilee,
When silver trumps and rapturous peals
Cite the roused earth to Him who heals.

Jerusalem.

Mercy and truth to God belong,
All state, all triumph, every song;
And Israel and Judah yet
Their shame and bondage will forget.

Oh, mountains ! trampled down so long,
Revive with fruits, and ring with song :
In largess like the hills above,
Replete with grace, becalmed in love.

Jerusalem The Desolated.

JERUSALEM, holy and princely creation,
Down trodden thro' centuries ruthless and long,
Thy children still wander in dire desolation,
Unfriended as vagrants, unloved by the strong.

And others thy sons have gone forth nor remember
Samaria redolent empress of vines,
Midst columns of beauty, lo, aliens still clamber,
Midst visions enchanting some stranger reclines.

Has the wraith of indifference nightmare of slumber
Represt every energy, frozen each power ?
Lo the minaret dares still reproachfully cumber
Those precincts most sacred, traducing the hour.

But a day of reversals, a time of redress,
Concealed in the future, will lavish its store,
Then thy God will approach thee to honor and bless
And the brand of the spoiler will waste thee no
more,

Spread The Tidings.

WITH delicate tongues of light,
With all the hollow warbling reeds of air,
With messengers that dive into the night
And viewless missives bear,—
With banners on the mountains far away,—
Proclaim the breaking day.
Air, earth, be jubilant and swell the sound —
The dead are living! and the lost are found!

Joseph,— unmarked by men,
Unchallenged—even to himself unknown,
Rises unparralleled, and sits again
On an unequaled throne.
More, more than Eastern splendor and renown
His mighty offspring crown.
Lord of the continents and princely isles,
A globe-prophetic lustre dawns and smiles.

Ye blind! awake and learn
That Israel's firstling glory is restored:
That God has wooed his outcast to return,
And all his sins ignored:
That earth shall serve him and his yoke receive,
Though yet it disbelieve:
Shall yield to David's Throne allegiance due,
Worshiping Isaac's Fear, the strong, the true.

